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Full Cream Dried Milk.
Builds Bonnie Babies
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We Are Carrying On! See "John Bull" Pen Coupon, Page 8.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIII. No. 611. | SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1918. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O., as a Newspaper.]

1/- Book for 7d.

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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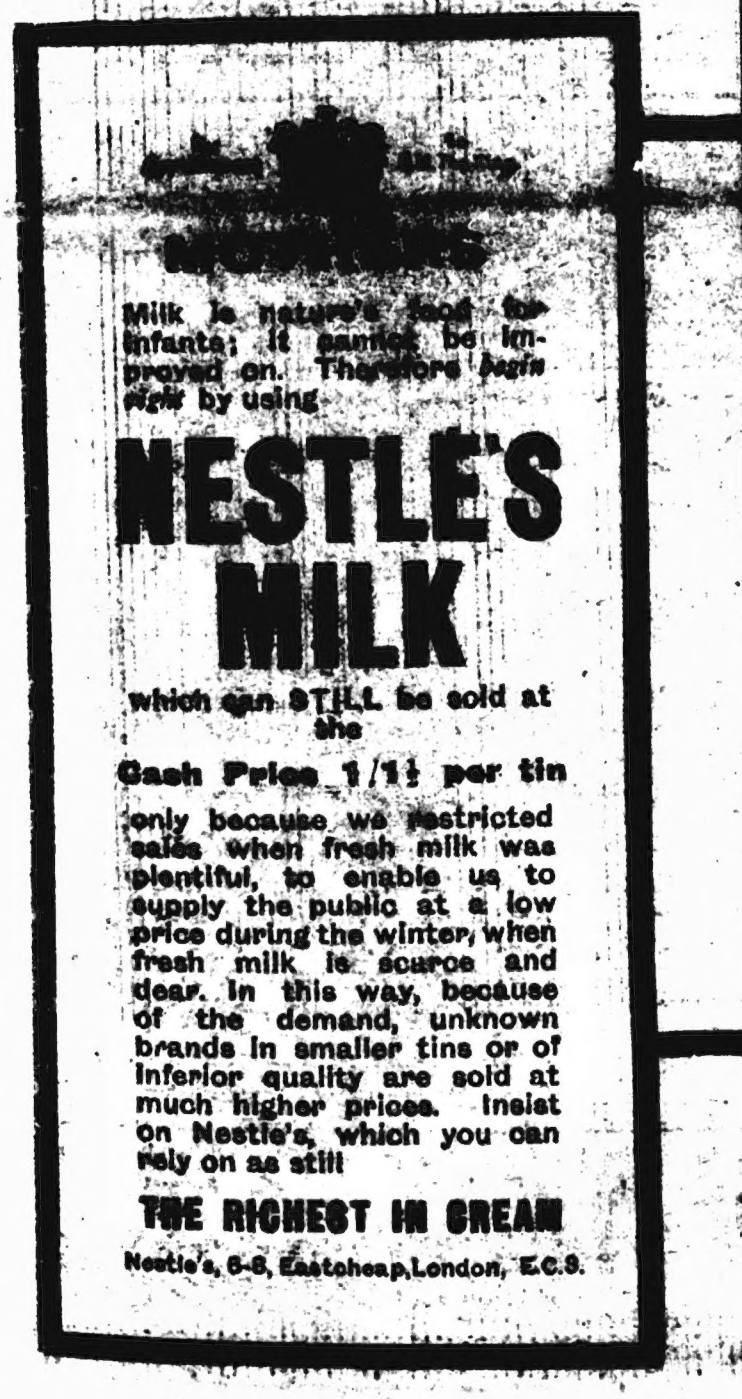
BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY



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only because we restricted sales when fresh milk was plentiful, to enable us to supply the public at a low price during the winter, when fresh milk is scarce and dear. In this way, because of the demand, unknown brands in smaller tins or of inferior quality are sold at much higher prices. Insist on Nestle's, which you can rely on as still

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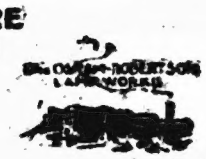

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXIII. No. 611. **Week ending Saturday, February 16th, 1918.** **One Penny.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Air Raid Figures.

Will the Government now consider the question of publishing the correct total of casualties in the recent air raids?

That "Fire."

During the recent catastrophe we had an opportunity of seeing something of the splendid work done by the British Red Cross Society in rescuing and assisting the sufferers. We raise our hat to the Commandant, Mr. A. W. Wybrow, and all his gallant staff.

Jellicoe on George.

That was rather a nasty one which Admiral Jellicoe got in against the Premier the other day: "The Prime Minister has only to make an optimistic speech, and next day something terrible happens." Why not try another pessimistic speech?

A Legal Point.

A Scotch paper, with a rare sense of humour, in calling attention to the change in the title of our Editorial notes to "The World, the Flesh and the—*Kaiser*," asks whether his Satanic majesty wouldn't have good case for a libel action against us. *That* would be a case we *should* lose.

Mr. McCaw, M.P.

We have not yet heard that Mr. W. J. MacCaw, M.P.—of the "Rooks' Nest," Somewhere or Other—has resigned his seat, as the result of the recent hoarding conviction. And, apparently, he is still a member of the Carlton, Oriental, Ranelagh, Constitutional, St. Stephen's and City of London Clubs.

Their Own Medicine!

Strange—isn't it?—that, following the destruction by our bombs of the poison gas factory at Mannheim, the International Red Cross have met at Geneva to decide upon steps to induce all the belligerents to refrain from the use of poisonous gas. Let the good work go on!

Figures Wanted.

Now that Sir Arthur Yapp has, in accordance with our prediction, resigned his post as Food Economy Director, we should like to know the exact cost of his campaign. How much was paid, for instance, in the way of "Expenses," and otherwise, to Sir Arthur, Mr. Bromley, his solicitor, and Miss May Beeman—the Flag-Day Organiser?

Co-Ops, and Politics.

And, whilst on the subject of Expenses, who authorised the use of Co-operative Society funds in connection with the candidature of Mr. May at the Prestwich election?

"Register, Register, Register!"

That familiar pre-war cry will soon again be heard in the land. It is anticipated that the new Lists of Voters will be ready by June—and the General Election may come at any moment after then.

The Women's Vote—

Of course, all the Parties will be after the women—of whom six million are to get the vote. We suggest that every woman elector should take in *Everywoman's*—in which neat, clean, and smart little weekly we are about to write a new series of special articles, under the title of "Plain Politics for Pretty Women"—telling them all about it.

And the Soldiers'.

And, of course, there will be a mighty effort to exploit the soldiers' vote. We are doing our best to scotch one of the most impudent attempts in this direction by exposing the "Comrades of the Great War" conspiracy.

South Hackney.

The situation in our old constituency is gradually clearing itself up. Mr. Hector Morrison, the present Member, has had enough, and will not seek re-election; whilst it is stated that Mr. J. G. Gibson, who has been assiduously "nursing" the place for some time, may seek the suffrages of one of the new North East London Divisions. Well, what about it?

Independent Candidates.

One of the surprises of the General Election will be the large number of Non-Party, Independent Candidates, who will contest seats on Business Government lines. And many of them will get in.

Unique Libel Case.

In a few weeks' time there should be heard a very interesting libel suit against us—in which the Plaintiff, an Indian barrister, is to conduct his own case; and we shall do the same.

A Dress Rehearsal.

We recently referred to the fact that a certain "revue" writer holds a responsible position in a Government Department, and we now remember that when at Portsmouth some months ago we saw that same gentleman playing the "old woman" in pantomime!

Mr. Smallwood's Complaint.

We cannot express any opinion upon that part of the new M.P.'s complaint which relates to his son's treatment by the War Office in London; but we *do* protest against his aspersions upon the conduct of the big Base Hospital in France. We know that hospital.

Mr. Justice Darling.

Congratulations to the famous Judge on his recovery. What price *his* being L.C.J. if "Rufus" decides to stay in America?

Ships That Pass!

Strange that of the two vessels which passed each other, crossing the Atlantic the other day, one should have been bringing home the Attorney-General after his mission to America, while the other was taking out the Lord Chief Justice on *his*.

Meat Cards.

"What am I to do," asks a distressed Benedict, "if, when meat cards come, I want to take a 'friend' out to dinner without letting the wife know?" The answer is simple—have fish luncheons for two days previously.

A Danger.

And, by the way, what device does the Ministry of Food propose adopting to prevent the forgery of meat cards? The specimens we have seen are very "easy."

Why Should London Wait?

Sir Edward Ward, the head of the Special Constabulary, will, we hope, insist upon having without further delay a thoroughly adequate supply of steel helmets for the gallant men of his Force—for whom he has already done so much.

The Italian Front.

We continue to receive splendid accounts from our Special Correspondent on the Italian front—Mr. A. G. Hales, who entertains no misgiving of any kind as to the outcome of the next big engagement. Our regret is that exigencies of space, due to the special circumstances of the moment, make it impossible for us to publish these inspiriting messages.

Watch Berlin!

No, we are not thinking only of the food riots. *Watch Berlin!*

Premium Bonds.

Our scheme is again held over, owing to exigencies of space; but we hope to publish it next week.

"If You See It——"

From a letter written by a young Officer to his father:—"We had a most interesting lecture on the battle of Cambrai yesterday, by our Divisional Commander. I then learned how near we were to a complete and decisive victory. Only one unfortunate incident prevented this! If things had come off, Bottomley would not have been far wrong in saying that the war would have been won by this last Christmas." But it *wasn't* Bottomley—it was Haig—who "said" it.

Saul's Birthday.

According to the information of the Mayor of Taunton, on the Sunday that marked the birthday of the Kaiser the German flag was hoisted at the German officers' camp. Any Union Jacks allowed to be hoisted by British prisoners in Germany?

Prisoners on the Prowl.

A rather curious story is told in Beds. Well-fed German "prisoners"—better fed than their guards—are accused of stealing sheep from an estate and potatoes from smallholders. The police are said to be anxious to take proceedings, but are deterred by somebody in local military authority. If that is true, it decidedly ought not to be.

Rabbits.

What's the Government going to do with the 33,000 cases of one-and-ninepenny rabbits, 792,000 rabbits in all, which—according to the Executive Officer of the Bermondsey Food Control Committee—are lying in one cold store alone to the order of the Board of Trade? Isn't it about time they were released for pie?

More to Follow.

Though Sir Arthur Yapp is resigned unto the heavenly will, he's going to stick to business still; at any rate, that seems to be the meaning of the announcement that having, in accordance with our prediction, left the Food Economy Department, his "valuable services" are to be "utilised in other ways." Let us hope that his job will now be to hold his tongue.

Not "Lovely."

In a bath-chair was a soldier, in hospital blue, without feet; pushing him was a comrade with one arm. At Kew Gardens they might have entered without paying the fee of sixpence for the bath-chair, had not some soulless official sent after them to demand the money. Is it not time people at public places were plainly told to behave like decent Christians?

The Lightning Expert.

An advertisement in a daily paper suggests it is not difficult to become a member of the A.S.E. A gentleman wanting work says he is an "Engineer's Fitter and Turner. Expert." So expert is he that he boasts "three months' experience; member of A.S.E." Then he gives away the show by adding, "Ex-Butcher." Jumping from block to bench, in three moons he sits with men who claim to rule the State.

Lucky Schulte.

"The more you offend, the less the penalty," that seems to be the motto of the Coventry Magistrates. Moritz J. Schulte pleaded guilty to a breach of the Motor Spirit Restriction Order, having been on a pleasure ride. "In view of the fact that this was a second offence, a fine of 40s. was imposed." For his first offence, not long ago, Schulte was fined £5. The Court may yet make him a present of a few Treasury Notes.

A Preference for Hell.

The Rev. Mr. Peet, Wesleyan Minister, of Peel, Isle of Man, is alleged to have said dreadful things concerning the British soldier, one remark being that "he would rather go to Hell with a conscientious objector than to Heaven with a soldier in khaki." For these things he was sentenced to three months' hard labour. Against that sentence he has appealed. It seems extremely inconsistent on his part that, being anxious to go to Hell with an Object, he should appeal against the opportunity of spending a few weeks in gaol with him—the bounder!

More Sweating.

Women who work for a London firm tell us their rate of pay is 1½d. for sewing-on fifteen buttons, and they have to find their own thread. "Sometimes their fingers refuse to do their work." We should not wonder if the whole body revolted.

A Sight for Huns.

Another desirable mansion dedicated to the delectation of diabolical Hun prisoners is, let us put it, situated some distance from Guildford. The worst feature of this case is that the house overlooks a main line railway track to an important base, and from the gardens all troop trains can be noted. It seems stupid.

Sprats for Profits.

The sprat is a proud fish the day. Time was when only the sardine man would look at it; now all Billingsgate does it reverence. This little account is put before us as gospel: Forty bushels of sprats were sold by fishermen at Leigh-on-Sea for 2s. 6d. per bushel of 60 lbs. They were re-sold by auction in Billingsgate at 7s. per stone of 14lbs. The carriage from Leigh-on-Sea to London is 8d. per bushel. An accountant is not needed to strike a balance.

Flipping the Flappers.

Once again we are asked the old, old conundrum, to wit: "Why is it that well-educated women (which are wanted and advertised for) should be put aside and left without work for all these flappers?" The plain reason is that a lot of Government officialdom exists by flappery and therefore loves flappers; first, to lend an air to the office by the pretty way they partake of afternoon tea, and, second, to assist in making confusion worse confounded. Next!

The Crime of the Crumbs.

Sarah Dorothy Bottomley (no relation of ours—but, still, a dear soul) is a charwoman. She bought a tea-cake on the promenade at Blackpool, where she had come to get work, and had failed. She ate the tea-cake, and gave the sea-gulls the crumbs. For the which black offence, the blacker Blackpool Magistrates fined poor Sarah 3s. Sarah would be wiser to go into business as a food-hoarder. But, alack! she has no food to hoard. Will the Bench recommend for promotion the nosy P.C. who reported her?

"Officials and Foremen Only."

According to one of them, this is what "the working-class women of Elswick consider a real grievance." They allege that while they are on short rations, and their men go to work with insufficient sustenance, "at the Elswick Works are dining-rooms for officials and foremen only, who can get a good square meal for 10d.; for breakfast, tea or coffee and ham or eggs, with rolls; for dinner, roast beef or mutton, with a choice of vegetables, pudding, &c." Unto every one that hath shall be given.

Rash for Rations.

One of our Wheatley Hill (Co. Durham) readers thinks "such cases as this should be made public." A local woman recently went to a shop to buy meat. Patiently, or peradventure impatiently, she stood in the queue for two hours. When her turn came to be served, she was handed three-ha'porth of suet. "She did not hand it back to the butcher," we are informed; "she threw it," which indicates a vigorous disposition and a lively manner. The lady should nevertheless understand that here in London the official ration includes not only suet, but bone and offal. What would she do if handed two ounces of shinbone or a parson's nose as her Sunday joint?

These Rabbits.

We are glad to learn that Mr. George Bunning is pressing upon the City of London Corporation our suggestion for killing the rabbits and game in Epping Forest. The subject has been referred to a Committee, which we hope will soon put forward a scheme for utilising this means of replenishing the larder.

Not Funny, But Rude.

Another complaint of no rationing arrangements, and no food procurable, comes from a sailor, on leave for a few days after two months at sea. Calling at the Food Control Office for advice as to how to procure something to eat, the clerk had the impudence to tell him to "sink more submarines." Ignorance and incompetence are usual with some officials behind desks, but insult must not be added.

Joyous Jobs.

The Ministry of Pensions announces by public advertisement that "there are vacancies for appointment as representative, with salary between £400 and £500 a year," who "will have one or more Inspectors under him, according to the size and importance of the area." Surely there are competent people at present sweeping up barrack rooms, peeling murphies, and washing up plates, whose services could be conscripted for this sort of job?

Conscripting the Unfit.

A striking case comes from Bristol. A man of 27 has had a withered and paralysed left arm since babyhood; it is about eight inches shorter than the right one. He has never been able to tackle rough work, being engaged in ticket-writing until he undertook the useful job of a postman, to release a fit man. He has now been flung into the Army, passed by doctors and gone away to train—to make either one more martyr or a burden to the country.

"Nothing Like Leather."

One of the most damnable aspects of this war is that people should be unblushingly making fortunes out of it. Here is the *Shoe Trades Journal*, which assuredly ought to know, declaring that in one tannery alone the Excess Profit has amounted to £1,000 a week, and that "even after deducting the Excess Profits' Tax the surplus net profit was in that case £200 a week." What justification can anybody plead for such parasitical profiteering?

Yappery.

A working widow of Hampstead, invalided, with two children to support on 7s. 6d. panel money—which hadn't arrived at the time of writing, by the way—recently received from Sir Arthur Yapp's late department a food economy pledge accompanied by a ridiculous gun-metal "anchor" badge to wear on her bosom. "I am writing," she says, "from the bottom of an outraged woman's heart. Fancy sending such rubbish to the likes of me." As a matter of fact, we never could and never did fancy some of Sir Arthur Yapp's funny fancies.

"Death and Sugar."

A Scottish Registrar thinks that our remarks under this head, unless explained, will "cast a slur on a large body of officials who have their duty to do and must obey orders." And he points out that one of the orders they have to obey is "when registering a death to get the sugar card of the deceased." That is not disputed, but from the point of view of those who have their dead still lying in the house, it doesn't make the demand seem less than that of callous officialism, even when it is put with feeling courtesy, which often probably it is not.

Newspapers for Huns.

Up at Middlesbrough the motor char-à-banc that takes the dear Huns to and from work is covered with a canvas roof, so that their complexions may not be spoiled. Under cover of that "camouflage" the prisoners buy newspapers, so as to read of air-raids and other atrocities that delight them. Strict orders should be given to prevent this news gathering, done under a cover that might well be removed.

From Boche Bradford.

There is a "gentleman" pro-Boche in Bradford we should love to meet—in the ring. He advertises in the *Argus* that he was for 28 years in the best local German firm, and he wants a situation, "German firm preferred." If he is a Briton, he is a dirty blackguard and traitor. If he is German—as are at heart so many in that district—why isn't he interned? We invite the police to nose him out. Inquire for "G. 36, *Argus* Office."

Buemen at the Front.

Sixty London omnibus drivers have been in France as volunteers with their buses for three years and four months. They drive troops to the firing line in the dark, without lights, and their eyes feel the strain. They are entitled to a month's furlough and a bounty of £15. Both are withheld, despite promises and agreements. Failing their just rights, they ask for "a short term of home service; there must be enough young men to give them a spell." They have done dangerous duty, and their desires are modest.

A Gift from Croydon.

The other day a man bought a packet of cigarettes in a City shop. There was nothing surprising in that. But there was something startling in the packet. For it contained a little slip, printed in red ink:—"With the Compliments of Croydon Empire Patrons, London." Our reader marvels why he should have had to pay for a complimentary article, seemingly intended to be a present to him—or to somebody else.

The Merry Haddock.

Your haddocks cost you more. The Food Controller has said, Let it be so; and it is so. Another reason is that old men of Aberdeen, and other fishers on Scotia's Eastern Coast, are allowed to fish only outside the three-mile limit. Bad weather and shortage of bait make the trip almost impossible for small trawlers, so the merry haddock flips his tail at sea instead of turning it up on your breakfast table. Why not withdraw this restriction "for the duration?"

An Irritating Invitation.

Being on board a torpedoed ship, and having insured his effects for £50, a sailor claims £33 for damage done to them. After the usual delay, and when the man was again at sea, he heard from the Board of Trade, Poplar Office, that his claim would be paid if he called for the money. He is serving the King, and therefore may be abroad for a year or two—so, how can he call? If the B.O.T. will pay out to somebody on his behalf, he is open to buy War Bonds like a good boy.

Overstocked.

Is it true that the Ministry of Munitions is also overstocked with flappers? However this may be, we are assured from inside that "a deputation of girls took place the other day, demanding work." Further and fuller particulars are at present unknown to us, but it is conjectured that whoever was in charge of the premises at the time would demand to know what they wanted to work for. Girls who upset precedents would upset anything.

The Deutsche Donkeyman.

There is a steamship trading between a home port and the United States. The donkeyman is declared to us, apparently on unimpeachable authority, to be an unnaturalised German. On a recent home trip the turbines were interfered with, and the blades damaged. There may be no connection between those plain facts, but the situation is one that requires relief.

Timely Help.

We are glad that, despite the greater catastrophe nearer home, we were able, through our Free War Insurance scheme, to bring some comfort to a doubly-bereaved Yarmouth girl—the step-daughter of Mr. Sparkes, of that town, who with his wife was foully murdered by the Huns in the recent bombardment. But for our timely cheque of £200, the poor creature would have been destitute. Many other claims—fortunately, mostly in respect of damage to property—have recently been paid in connection with the London air raids as well as those in the provinces.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities Notorieties, and occasionally Nonentities.

To His Majesty the King.

SIR,—I have lost no opportunity of protesting against the danger to the State, of persons who in advertising employment make the dastardly stipulation of "no children." But I never thought I should find this reprehensible practice extending to those of your own household. Yet there is now before me an advertisement from the Steward, Royal Farms, Windsor, in which it is set forth that a married couple are wanted as cattleman and cook respectively, and that their first qualification must be "no children." I am sure, Sir, that this unpatriotic action has been taken without your privity or approval. JOHN BULL.

To the County Justices, South Shields.

GENTLEMEN,—In my opinion, there was no justification for the fine of 20s. imposed by you in the case of Thomas Holland, whose parents were charged with failing to send him regularly to school. The lad had passed through all standards, and probably learnt all that the school had to teach him. Moreover, he was within five days of his 14th birthday, when he would be legally entitled to leave. In the meantime, he had obtained employment on a farm, where he was usefully engaged in work of the highest importance. Has the fact that we are at war slipped your memories? JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Dr. Norman Maclean, Christian Institute, Glasgow.

REV. FRIEND,—One of the chronic troubles about pumpuritans generally is that their facts are never equal to their fuss. As a rule, when they don't lie to misrepresent, they exaggerate to deceive. The trouble in your case is simple, honest, childish ignorance. "The politicians," so you told your hearers at the Christian Institute, "have wasted bushels of wheat by casting them into the brewers' vats." But, really, beer is not made from wheat, neither is a mash tub called a vat. Get thee to a brewery, good sir, and see. JOHN BULL.

To the Recruiting Officer, Walthamstow.

DEAR SIR,—Four times have you sent buff Form 21 to a dead man's house, desiring particulars about his "present position under the Military Service Act." Three times has the widow answered you that her man is dead. Your fourth form is marked in red ink, "Second application." The lady is, naturally, grieved. Can't you take her word? JOHN BULL.

To Admiral Lord Fisher.

DEAR "JACKY,"—Pardon the familiarity. I am not surprised to hear from Lord Jellicoe that you not only foresaw the war with Germany, but predicted that she would use submarines against our merchantships. Nor, unfortunately, does it come upon me with any shock to learn that although you prepared a memorandum on the subject, "there was nobody in a responsible position who agreed that the German Navy would really do such a thing as Lord Fisher expected." You had a scheme which would have effectively prevented the submarines from getting out; it was not adopted. Who were the poor fools who are costing us so dear? Give us the names. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. E. M. Smith, Medical Officer, York.

DEAR DR. SMITH,—I have carefully read your Report on bread and flour "improvers," and now, 'pon my word, if there were likely to be any difference I would eat cake. According to you, one of the samples contained 90 per cent. of Epsom salt. If I rightly remember, there is a tribute to that old remedy on a headstone in Cheltenham Churchyard: "Here lie I and my three dawters, Who died of drinking Cheltenham waters; Had we stuck to Epsom's salt, We should not lie in this here vault." But if I'm to take salt in my bread ration of a sudden, I have come to the conclusion that it is perhaps as well to catch my train slowly of a morning. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. F. Fleet, North Moreton Vicarage, Wallingford, Berks.

DEAR PARSON,—I suppose you are not mean but you like all you can get for your money. Recently you advertised for a gardener, also his wife to work about the vicarage. The man was "to look after 1½ acres of land, to pump water for the house, carry wood and coals, feed and tend two stoves, ring the bells and act as grave-digger, while the wife was to employ herself in general house-work at stated hours of the day." In respect of his clerkly duties, the gardener was to receive a stipend of £3 a year, and fees for weddings and funerals, but otherwise the joint wages of the couple were to be 30s. a week. Are you yet suited? JOHN BULL.

To Alderman H. G. Cumming, Mayor of Torquay.

DEAR YOUR WORSHIP,—I notice that you have been having trouble with the Food Ministry, the difficulties you have encountered being common to most seaside resorts. In your case, it appears, you have been officially informed that "Torquay has no business to have visitors; that they are not necessary to win the war, and had better go home." This short-sighted view is obviously fraught with grave peril to local interests, actually threatening many of your citizens with loss of livelihood, and I have every sympathy with you in your efforts to pierce the coarse membrane of the official mind. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. John Barry, Superintendent of Police, Pontypool.

SIR TO YOU, AND JUST A LINE.—It may make you feel on good terms with yourself if I tell you that folk your way are *not* grumbling about your management of the food queues. This is your way of arranging things—expectant mothers first, next old and infirm, then women with babies in arms, and the rest to follow. So long as you're a good policeman, best wishes. JOHN BULL.

CANT OF THE "COMRADES."

THEIR "DEFENCE" AND OUR FURTHER ALLEGATIONS.

HAVING failed to counteract, by mere abuse and mis-statement, the effect of our criticism of the methods of the Committee of the Comrades of the Great War, that body has now favoured us with so-called answers to three of the specific charges we have made. The first has reference to our allegations as to the action, in relation to the Review of Exceptions Act, of those members of the Committee, who are M.P.s. We accused them of callous indifference, and indeed active opposition, to the interests of the discharged and disabled soldiers. This is their answer:—"Mr. Bonar Law, speaking for the Government, described the Bill as 'an absolute necessary in view of the present military situation.' The Act, as it stands, excludes wounded and invalided men from its operation, and the decision to exclude them was the result of a strong movement in the House of Commons, which was supported by Parliamentary members of the Comrades." That reply is false in every line. The Act does *not* exclude these war-scarred men; it was only after the great Trafalgar Square demonstration, which led to the formation of the Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers, that an Order in Council nullified the worst features of the Act; further, the Parliamentary members of the Comrades never once by speech or by vote stood up for the discharged and disabled soldier.

How They Voted.

Let this question be put to Colonel Sir W. W. Ashley, Colonel Sir Hamar Greenwood, and the Hon. Sir H. Meux, the next time they think fit to stand up in public and shed tears over the "Comrades": Is it not true that you voted against an amendment on April 3rd, 1917, which would have given the man in "ill-health" a respite from the calling up order? And whenever Colonel Ashley and Colonel Greenwood dare to pretend that they are the friends of the man who has "done his bit," ask them to deny, if they can, that on April 3rd, 1917, they voted against an amendment which gave the man who under the new Act was passed for military service, "if he could produce a medical certificate that he was unfit for general service," the right of appeal to his tribunal for a Special Medical Board. And further ask and insist upon having an answer from Colonel Ashley, Colonel David Davies, Colonel Greenwood, Sir H. Meux, and Colonel Sir J. Norton-Griffiths, whether each or any of them spoke or voted in favour of an amendment to exclude from the operations of the Act "all men discharged from the Army as disabled." Let it be placed on record that not one of the six M.P.s who suddenly discovered their fraternal love for the discharged soldier ever once spoke or voted for those they now want to hug to their political breasts. They were tongue-tied throughout all those vital discussions on which hung the fate of the discharged, the disabled, and the wounded. Colonel Sir Hamar Greenwood spoke once—but *only of agricultural labour*. By their parliamentary speeches (or silences) and their votes ye shall know them!

That London Meeting.

"That members of other organisations have been improperly induced to come over to the Comrades." In these words the Committee summarise another of our charges, and proceed to characterise it as "entirely untrue." They add: "It is perfectly true that men of other organisations have joined the Comrades, but they have done so entirely of their own accord." We repeat, and we have evidence to support the charge, that offers of money have been made to officials of the Federation to "rat" to the "Comrades"—that when a selected number of the Federation Executive were brought to London the money was found by one of the Chief Organisers of the "Comrades." If this organisation—started months after the Federation, and when it possessed a hundred branches—is not out to smash the senior body, why should one of its principal Organisers finance a meeting of members of the Executive of the Federation? Let Colonel Ashley and the rest answer that *in public*. Officers of the Federation have received money from and on behalf of the "Comrades" while still in the service of the Federation. Moreover, we have conclusive evidence that after joining the "Comrades" they have used their positions to divert the contributions of Federation members into the local coffers of the "Comrades." The third and last charge which the Committee are pleased to select for an answer concerns the use of forged membership cards to trick men anxious to join the Federation and secure them for the "Comrades." Here is the Committee's reply: "If at any time forged tickets were used, as is alleged, neither this Committee nor any of its officials had or have any knowledge of this having taken place." Our answer is that *we hold some of these forged cards* purporting to be issued by the Federation, together with complaints from men who paid their subscription believing they were joining the Federation, only to find that they had been trapped by the "Comrades."

A Challenge to Colonel Ashley.

Let Colonel Ashley, who was so loud in his protestations at Salisbury, and strenuous in his denials at Fleetwood, deal in his next public speech with the various allegations we have made. Let him answer, if he can, our challenge of a deliberate mis-statement of fact when he declared that the "Comrades" was founded before the Federation; let him state frankly the amount of funds his Committee has in hand, and give a detailed statement of expenditure; let him define the position of the Honorary Organiser, Captain Donald Simson, and say to what extent the Committee of the "Comrades" assume responsibility for his actions. After all that has come to our knowledge, we repeat, with added emphasis, our warning to the discharged and demobilised soldiers to have nothing to do with the "Comrades," but to rally to the Federation in ever-increasing numbers. Much is at stake. JOHN BULL has always been trusted by Tommy. Trust us still.

SCANDALOUS SACRIFICE OF TWO SAILORS' LIVES.

ALDEBURGH COASTGUARDS IGNORE SIGNALS OF DISTRESS.

We are loth to impeach the conduct of any of the defenders and warders of our coast. But lives have been lost, and many more might have been lost. It is certain that many more *will* be lost if we do not speak; and our duty is plain. At 4 o'clock in the morning of January 16th the *Cumberland Lassie* parted her anchor cable, and grounded off Aldeburgh, Suffolk, about a mile south of the Coastguard Station, which is known as the Tower. The sea was fairly smooth. Already, as soon as they had begun drifting, the Captain had sent up red rockets. The rockets had no effect, and for some time they burnt paraffin flares—with no better luck. Then, in desperation they got out the fog horn, and also started to shout through the megaphone. This at last aroused attention, for soldiers were seen running to the Tower. It seems certain that at least one soldier knocked at the Tower door, but got no satisfaction from the coastguards within.

At 6 o'clock, two hours after they had grounded, the tide turned, but still there were no signs of help coming. Between 6 and 7 o'clock they hoisted flags of distress, and donned their lifebelts. Meanwhile, the seas were rising. Between 8 and 9 o'clock, more than four hours after they had grounded and started signalling, the guns were fired from the shore. But the sea was very rough now, and the vessel had started to break up. They decided to take to the boat. In getting off the ship, the boat broke away and capsized; the captain and the ship's boy were drowned. One man remained on board, and two were washed ashore. Where were the Coastguards? A number of men are on duty, in watches, at all hours of the night. When a ship is in distress the watch telephones to the coastguards' cottages in the town, and thence a message goes to the lifeboat coxswain and the Hon. Sec. of the Lifeboat Institution. The Board of Trade look-out on the beach in the centre of the town must also be 'phoned. Now, anybody on the watch *must* have seen the signals of the *Cumberland Lassie* at 4 o'clock. Nevertheless no message left the Tower until 7.40 a.m., and then it ran: "Tell lifeboat cox. ship in distress; lifeboat not needed, rocket apparatus sufficient." No message was sent to the Secretary of the Lifeboat Institution; and, if a message was sent to the Board of Trade look-out station, nobody can have been there to receive it, for the look-out gun calling for rocket apparatus volunteers was not fired.

At last the Coastguards woke up, and at 8.30 two guns were fired to announce the launching of the lifeboat. The further fate of the lifeboat—that when she was launched about 9 o'clock the seas were so rough that all she could do was to make for Harwich—need not concern us. The position of the Coastguards was not improved by the fact that when at last they got the rocket apparatus working they were able to rescue a solitary sailor who had clung to the wreckage. We want to know what the Coastguards were doing from 4 till 7.40, and why they were then not sufficiently wide awake to render proper assistance. We want to know if there is truth in the local suggestion that the Coastguards are jealous of the lifeboat.

When it is remembered that on the previous Monday evening Great Yarmouth was bombarded by the Germans, and that Yarmouth is not very far from Aldeburgh, the importance of ceaseless vigilance on the coast is obvious.

MORE "SOULLESSNESS."

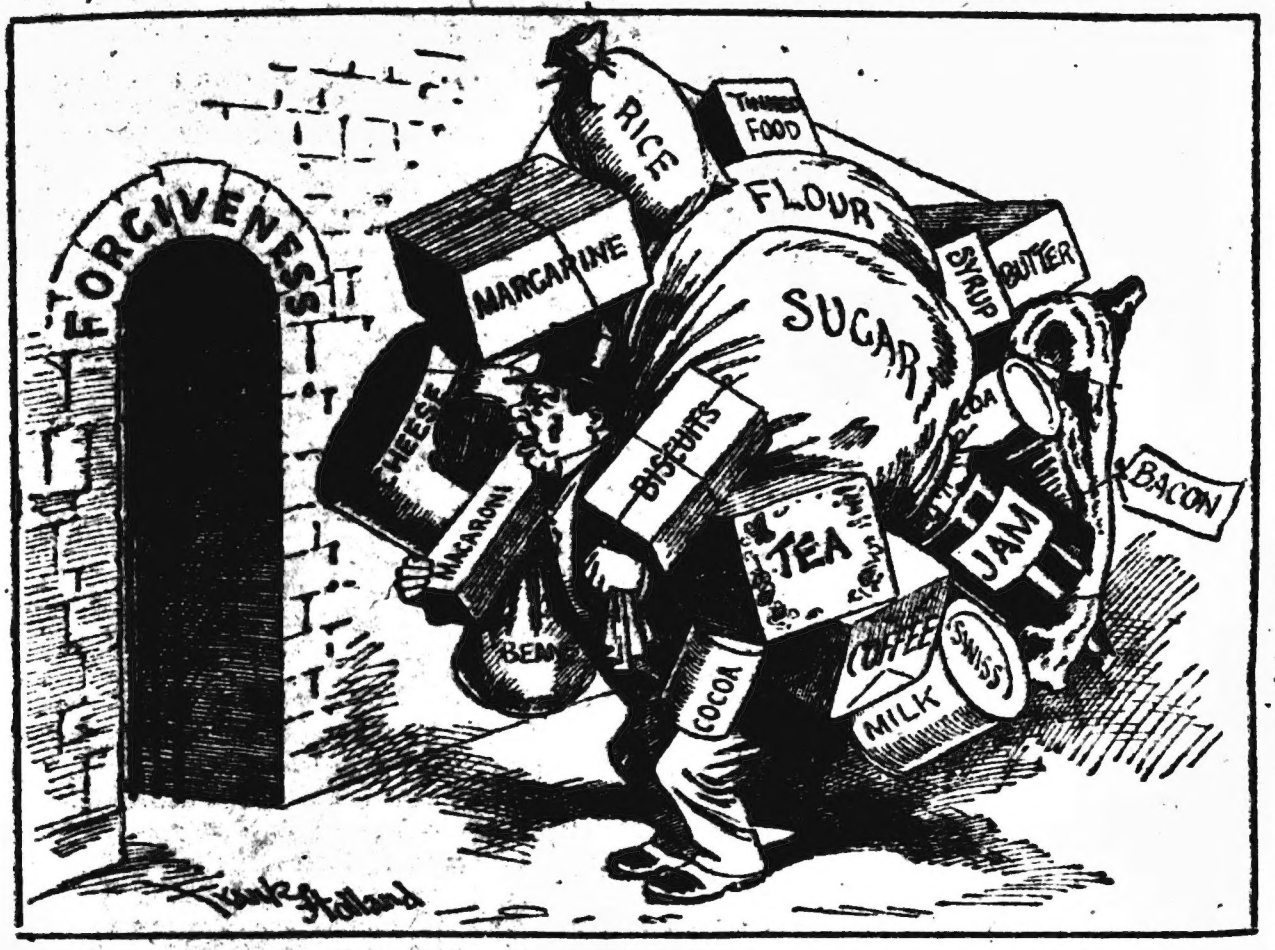
NIGGARDLY TREATMENT OF MARTYRED HERO.

The smooth bands of red-tape are sometimes as cruel as knotted cords. At the age of 17 years, a Walthamstow lad enlisted in September, 1914, served in Malta and in Egypt, fought in Gallipoli and in France, and finally was terribly wounded. His sufferings defy description.

A Total Disablement pension having been awarded, the National Health Insurance authorities proceeded to cut down the Sickness Benefit payable to the wounded soldier, so that at the time of his death in January last only 13 weekly payments of 1s. had fallen due. Even this wretched sum the parents were not allowed to claim, although the father had spent the whole of the boy's pension on the provision of comforts and medical necessities, as well as keeping up his Health Insurance payments. For 10 weeks and 3 days the deceased soldier had been an inmate of the Ilford Sanatorium, and the authorities of this institution now claimed the whole of his reduced Insurance benefits, leaving a balance of 2s. 6d., which the father might obtain "on application to the Divisional Secretary." Meanwhile, at University College Hospital, to which the boy was removed before his death, the parents were actually called upon to purchase a hip pillow for his comfort, an appliance which a Sister subsequently offered to buy from them "for the use of the ward."

Even in death official stupidity or indifference robbed the poor lad of his rights. "I hope he is having a military funeral," wrote one of the Hospital staff, "for he certainly deserves it." He certainly did; but the honours due were not forthcoming. The cruel chapter of "soullessness" was complete to its last line. A revolting story—though, alas! no uncommon one.

THE GATE OF FORGIVENESS.



The Hunter now may purge his sin,
And at the Strait Gate enter in;

But ere he can forgiveness find,
His load of guilt must leave behind.

WASTING THOUSANDS OF POUNDS.

SCANDAL OF THE FOOD PRODUCTION DEPARTMENT.

When will the authorities begin to understand business methods? We ask the question with feelings of something akin to indignation in view of the information which reaches us, offered on the authority of an important official of the Food Production Department.

In the early part of last September our informant was instructed to visit Cambridge and report upon the Fruit Pulping Station which had commenced operations. He found —we quote his written statement—"about 50 tons of choice plums in the last stages of putrefaction. The sanitary authorities were called in and condemned the whole lot as unfit for human consumption. As the fruit cost £12 10s. per ton, plus freightage and cartage, a loss of over £600 was incurred." Within a few days there came another and a bigger bombshell—this time from West Salop. Here 75 tons were condemned, and bang went nearly £1,000. There were other grievous losses at the pulping stations. Towards the end of October stock was taken, and it was found the Department possessed approximately 10,000 tons of plum, apple and damson pulp distributed among the different stations. A representative of certain jam firms offered £21 per ton; this was declined, as the pulp had cost much more than that to manufacture. Next the Department offered the jam makers a halfpenny a pound, plus the necessary sugar, for making the jam. Again there was a refusal. Then, after the pulp had been lying in the fields from September to January, the jam firms were again approached, and bought the now greatly deteriorated article for £15 per ton—a dead loss of £60,000.

Into the scandal of the failure to use 500 American canners, which cost £3,250, we will not now enter. We have no space to deal with the appalling waste involved in using what is described as *freak* machinery at Nine Elms Brewery, Battersea, for drying hundreds of tons of wet vegetables—vegetables which have been utterly useless as food, the Army having refused to take the stuff. When and where is this kind of gross incompetence going to stop?

THE GREAT COLD-STORAGE BLUFF.

WHY WARDLE WAS ALLOWED TO RESIGN.

It is easily within general recollection how the Government got out all their brass bands for a massed effect to herald their announcement that £750,000 was to be spent on increasing cold storage. We are afraid that anyone who still remains sanguine regarding the ability of Permanent Officials to cope with the situation is doomed to disappointment. Take an actual practical scheme placed before them—one on a much more modest scale, involving merely a tithe of this colossal outlay. Mr. Wardle, the Director of Refrigerated Transport—a man who from personal experience was well acquainted with the ins and outs of the meat trade—asked the proprietors to enlarge their present stores at Avonmouth, Manchester, Glasgow, and other ports. They agreed on condition that the money to be expended should be advanced by the Government at 6 per cent. interest, the loan to be repaid within five years of the declaration of peace.

The only public money to be found was £75,000 to construct a cold storage at Devonport. In return would have been given 10,000,000 cubic feet of refrigerated space—enough to hold 100,000 tons of meat. If that space were filled there would be no more meat shortage. And it *could* be filled if our Lord High Controllers of Shipping managed the meat boats properly.

People "in the know" were considerably startled the other morning when they opened their newspaper—for in it they found the report of a speech in the House of Commons by Mr. Clynes, representing the Food Controller, in which he stated that the Devonport store had been completed—nearly. The plain, unvarnished truth, as they were well aware, was that it hadn't even been started! And the man who arranged for the meat problem to be solved—oh where and oh where is he? Mr. Wardle has resigned, because, as we stated recently, he could not stand the stupid interference and insolent check of the Permanent Officials. Drastic measures should at once be taken to retrieve the present deplorable situation—the first of these being the recall of Mr. Wardle and the "retirement" of the Barnacles.

THE HORSE IN THE PORK SHOP.

ALARMING CAMOUFLAGE AT A BUTCHERY.

What looks like a pretty bad horse deal has been revealed in the Chesterfield Police Court, where William Colledge and Sons, pork butchers, were charged with unlawfully keeping for sale certain horse flesh for human food. The Sanitary Inspector found chunks of this noble animal in the boiling house, and when tackled about it Colledge said it was "beef for cutting up purposes." This shows that the Inspector appeared just in the nick of time. Secret harbouring of "all the losers," or for that matter some of the winners, in a pork shop "for cutting-up purposes" is against the law, and these people well knew it. This is why they did not appear to defend themselves, but with that discretion which is the better part of valour "pleaded guilty to a technical offence," and were fined the maximum of £20 and costs. The result is that the customers of Messrs. Colledge will wonder and doubt whether they have been eating pig or gee-gee, or part pig and part gee-gee, and if so, for how long. Wondering and doubting, they will probably decide that it is about time to try another shop.

NOW THEN, BRIGHTON!

WORK FOR HUNS AND THE SACK FOR BRITONS.

The Brighton Gas Company is offering sixteen men for National Service. It has also discharged twenty elderly men, thereby throwing them on the labour market, unemployed. And it is cheerfully engaging a gang or gangs of German prisoners for labour that British workmen would be glad to undertake. Those Germans occupy, by way of "prison," a beautiful residence overlooking the sea. Sir John Blaker observed: "I expect they will be well fed. If you want to be well fed you must become a German prisoner." Their little luxuries are also to be looked after, for, outside the gate of Brooker Hall, this place of durance splendid, is a box for voluntary contributions, to supply them with cigarettes and comforts. There was a policeman on hand to keep Brighton people from looking at the Huns; German mothers would be hurt to think their dear boys were stared at. German mothers, you know, only revile and spit upon British prisoners, whose guards kick and belabour them. We believe Brighton does not view with complete composure the employment of Huns in its gas works. It seems an unnecessary and foolish risk. When it also results in the actual and immediate discharge of twenty old workmen, ratepayers and good citizens, it is more than a foolish proceeding. It is wicked.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE AT THE HOTEL METROPOLE.

In December last, an ex-Army officer—an engineer by profession—a survivor of Mons, was engaged to act as "Technical Assistant" to the Ministry of Munitions, Italian Government Contract Section—but found to his disgust that the post was a sinecure, with a salary of £250 a year. Such a farcical waste of time and money was by no means to the taste of the ex-officer. "I have the honour to inform you," he wrote to the Head of his Department, "that I have been on the staff at the Ministry for a full month, and have not yet been given any work to do. . . . I feel it my duty to furnish a statement of work done by me." Here is an extract from this amazing diary:—

Dec.	29th.	Nothing to do again.
,,	31st.	File a few letters.
Jan.	1st.	Sent to Hunt's, Cannon Street.
,,	2nd.	Nothing to do.
,,	3rd.	Do. do.
,,	4th.	Do. do.
,,	5th.	Do. do.
,,	6th.	Do. do.

Towards the end of January, the bored official tendered his resignation as a protest against the appointment of a second person to help him in doing nothing. Yet some people wonder that we have not yet won the war.

IT is something to have lived to make millions of friends. The calamity which befel this journal has evoked expressions of sympathy and goodwill as remarkable in their extent as in their character. Before the war, JOHN BULL had secured a firm hold. It was regarded, and rightly regarded, as the unconventional organ of the Man in the Street—the mouthpiece of the citizen—the pulpit of Democracy—the place from which grievances could be cried aloud; sham and humbug roundly denounced; the good recognised and applauded wherever it was to be found—the bad held up to obloquy or ridicule—often the best weapon against the charlatan and the cheat. No one could have filled the editorial chair of this journal without feeling a growing sense of responsibility as the years went by and its pages came more and more to be regarded as the gospel of the plain man. And then the war came—the war that changed everything, and turned the weakling into the hero, the timid into the lion-hearted, and rallied the English-speaking Continents to the side of the Motherland. Public opinion, always chary of expressing itself, now found voice in its answer to the great call of Empire. But it needed a lead, and after the first flash of patriotism there was the pressing necessity for information and for guidance. My worst enemy will acquit me of any other purpose in the conduct of this journal since the mighty projectile of war first fell upon a startled and half-sleeping world, than that of helping to maintain the fighting spirit of the nation in order to pursue the struggle to a triumphant end. There have been dark days, there have been days of almost brilliant sunshine—at times the gloom has been profound, at others the sense of elation has passed perhaps beyond the bounds of prudence. But rain or shine, we have helped to preserve the "smile that won't come off."

The Secret of Our Power.

And so to-day—when the great organisation of which this journal is the central force has suffered in the "fire, flame and fury" of a terrible catastrophe—the spontaneous national sympathy evoked has gone to prove the immense popularity of JOHN BULL and something more—the wonderful influence it wields for good or ill upon the public mind. That is what the flames of that terrible disaster have revealed—the affection and faith of our readers, their esteem and their trust. Why is it that this journal has won so proud a place in the national life? I think the answer is to be found in the motto which I emblazoned on its forefront when first JOHN BULL was born of the printing press—"Without fear or favour, rancour or rant." To live up to that declaration was perhaps to challenge the future, to give hostages to posterity—as we understand it in the life of a paper. Well, this has been our real testing time, and the demonstrations which have reached me from far and near, from the ordinary man and from those great in public affairs, have convinced one of the immense public power of this journal and confirmed me in my long-held belief that honest independence and fearless criticism, provided they are devoid of rancour or any suspicion of vindictiveness, will always gain the confidence and respect of the reading public. For if the flames have called forth countless expressions which reveal the sympathy, they have also demonstrated the splendid confidence of our friends. Let me therefore ask, what is it for which JOHN BULL stands to-day? How shall we measure its power, and how use that power to the best advantage of those who put in our experience and our judgment so much trust and confidence? JOHN BULL stands for citizenship—for the rights of the under-dog, for practical sympathy with all who need the helping hand. It stands for the might and power of the British Empire. It glories in the splendid heritage of manliness and courage, of enterprise and adventure, of our forefathers. It believes more profoundly than ever in the wonderful destiny of the British race; it holds that, for the good of Humanity and the advancement of Civilisation, the Anglo-Saxon peoples must be the world's benevolent despots, and that those who have sought to tread underfoot all that was held sacred and of good report in the intercourse of man must be broken and destroyed. And so to-day, with the picture of "fire, flame and fury" still insistent in my mind, I declare that JOHN BULL stands for a fight to a finish, for no compromise with the Devils of Europe, for a mighty and a final effort—reinforced by the splendid spirit and giant strength of America—that will break the powers of Evil and rid the world of this satanic menace. And, above all, the flames have heated the public temper and whipped into a fury the demand for reprisals. How much longer is

WHAT THE FLAME

THE ENEMY at LARGE—£1,000 R[EWA]

By THE [EDITO]

London to be bombed and half England subject to the midnight raider, while a dozen Rhine towns and Berlin itself are free from our avenging airmen? I think that last visitation—when, if ever, the official report of "no military damage" was justified, for it was callous civilian slaughter—has silenced the so-called Christian protestants and those who suggest that the way to win the war is by turning the other cheek, and quote Scripture to make us believe that the Hun is our brother in Christ. How many of these smug gentlemen—these pallid prelates and anæmic Pacifists—have seen the sights I have seen? Not one, for I pay them the compliment of believing that they would not talk and write their clotted nonsense if they had looked upon young children disembowelled and old men disfigured beyond recognition by these murderers of the air.

Reprisals! Reprisals! Reprisals!

What is Lord Rothermere doing? When he took up the post of Air Minister—an office which has been raised to what is called the dignity of a Secretaryship of State—he made a speech which gladdened the hearts of all of us; all, that is, who believe in making ruthless war on the Hun. He told us that he was all for reprisals, and he promised that he would practise what he preached. Well, I know something of Lord Rothermere, and I am certain he meant what he said. I demand, on behalf of the dead women and children, that we should begin now! Don't tell me, after all these years of war, that we haven't the men and the machines. I know different. I know, too, what wonderful things the Americans are doing, and I say we could bomb Berlin to-morrow. In the name of the God of Battles, get a move on. Already they are fleeing from the Rhine towns because we played hell with Mannheim. That is excellent news. But, I repeat, why is Berlin still undamaged? why are there no dead in the streets of Potsdam?—yes, and in the castle which holds the beloved of the Hohenzollerns? There are those who say that because the bomb is so dastardly an engine of destruction, because in its blind fall it brings death to the weak and the innocent, to the civilian non-combatant, it is an unfair weapon—an inhuman missile. I agree it is. But the Germans began it, and *we are at war.* Lord Kitchener, that master of war, insisted upon reprisals when the Hun used gas—we might have lost the war if we had failed to answer the enemy by producing fumes more deadly and poisonous. If he were alive to-day there would have been none of this miserable squeamishness—he would have made short work of the whining Pacifists and the thin-blooded "Christians." It is sometimes said reprisals are mere revenge. Well, if they were that would not trouble me. "An eye for an eye" was good enough in the old Biblical days, and I have never yet found a better way with your enemy. If we pay back the German in his own coin we shall do more than satisfy the legitimate spirit of revenge—we shall help the soldier at the front and protect ourselves at home. Let me explain. Germany, so far, has been to a large extent immune from air attacks. We are assaulted by the Hun whenever the conditions are favourable for enemy flights. Those attacks have to be met by guns and aeroplanes—which means that we have to keep at home men who could be doing splendid work at the front, and pilots who would otherwise be fighting the Hun over the lines. If we gave German towns what the Gotha gives us, the German people would cry out for protection, and the very aeroplanes which bring fire and destruction upon London would be kept in Berlin to meet *our* assaults from the air. So, you see, when the weak-kneed and the ignorant denounce reprisals they are playing Bolo—helping the Hun in his dastardly work, for they are making it possible for the enemy to send his murder machines over London in the full knowledge that they will not be needed to defend Berlin. After all, my rôle is that of the Unofficial War Propagandist; and I think, on reflection, that I prefer it to anything else—at any rate, for the present. To be a Government Propagandist would, of course, involve being, in a sense, a Government supporter, through

...IES REVEALED!

...WARD—BLOW BERLIN to BLAZES!

...DITOR.

thick and thin; and I'm not sure that I am prepared to go that length. Truth to tell, I am beginning to think that, when the General Election comes round, the best service I can render the nation is to promote the candidature of a few dozen really independent men, to go to the House of Commons with one "mandate" only—to ginger up the Government, and generally play the dickens with the Parliamentary machine if the Ministry, in coalition or otherwise, attempt any hanky-panky in the way of compromise with Germany; and, above all things, to protect the interests of the soldiers and the sailors, and to see that they are not exploited by any of the political Parties. Yes, I think that should be my job—and I'll leave the "official" propaganda to my noble friend Lord Beaverbrooke, or any other Tribune of the People whom our democratic Prime Minister may, in his wisdom, appoint.

What the People Demand.

This view has been forced upon my mind by the thousands of messages received since last week's article appeared — it is another of the revelations of the flames. As I write, I have before me a huge pile of letters and telegrams from every part of the country, and they do, indeed, amount to a revelation. Let me take a few of them at random. I will discard mere conventional expressions of sympathy—however sincere, and however exalted their authorship. This is more the kind of thing I like: "As an ex-Army Officer who has witnessed some of the devilish Hun war methods at the front, I think it just about time that our knock-kneed authorities discarded their rotten sentimental Never-Hurt-the-Foe policy, and adopted ruthless reprisals, involving the destruction of the Hun towns and every confounded skunk who inhabits them. . . . If the Air Minister wants an Assistant, in the form of a Reprisals Officer, to prepare and carry out raids full of Fire, Flame and Fury, let him apply to your humble, who is game for the stunt, and who, with a flock of Dare-Devil British Fliers, well backed by JOHN BULL, would make things hum." *That's* the correct spirit! And this is fairly typical of hundreds of letters: "Thanks for remarkable article; it is worth a thousand speeches from the futile babblers whom we call Politicians." And so is this: "There was a time before the war when I loathed you and your paper, but now I have realised my mistake. If only you were back in Parliament"! And how is this, from a bereaved parent?: "I cannot tell you how I thank God for a man like you. . . . I felt like that long ago, when my dear lad gave his life in France. . . . You seem the only one we can rely on in these awful times. . . . When our dear lad died, your paper made us buck up. I felt I dared not give way—my boy would have been so grieved, for he loved JOHN BULL." And this, from a parson: "God bless you, sir, with a strong consolation. Though now old in the preaching of the Gospel, I earnestly desire to see the war culminate in a series of criminal trials." And here is another parson: "As a Minister of the Gospel of Peace for nearly 40 years, allow me to say that I endorse every word of your article. If the God whom we worship ordered Saul to destroy those sinners the Amalekites for what they did to Israel, may we not consider that we have received the like command to destroy the Hun, to whom, in comparison, the Amalekite was a gentle child?" And listen to this: "God bless you. I don't want to advertise my sorrows, but my heart is full. One dear son I have had blown to atoms; another still alive and doing his bit; one nephew last Tuesday his home was blown away; also one grandson wounded and gassed—and one in Salonica." Well, I won't continue. It is all very, very sad, but at the same time very heartening.

The Enemy at Large.

Aye, and that is another of the things which the flames have revealed. I have seen remarkable letters received by the proprietors of the large printing works which were struck during the recent raid; and I propose to select two, as specimens. One is evidently from a German moving in our midst—and probably naturalised; the other from one of those pro-German skunks who, enjoying the protection and freedom of British citizenship—and probably evading its responsibilities—are, at heart, the enemy of our country. We will take the German effusion first. Here it is:

"Well! don't you think I have got one back for some of the colossal things you say about our Kaiser. Of course it was not so good as it should have been, but I think you will admit they followed my directions fairly good. I went yesterday to see the mount of wreckage and it was not so bad. I don't mind telling you I had some sort of shock at seeing *somebody* in the crowd, but the *somebody* would have had a more colossal shock if he had seen me. Shall I tell you something you would like to know. I often listen to your silly English in the train, and they say 'They can't tell where they drop any bomb; they drop them anywhere.' Well, now you can tell them it is not so. If they wish to strike the man they hate most in England, they can do so, that is, if they have the proper directions. If you think it is not true try me once more again, and I will show you. Shall I tell you one other thing. When you boast that you shall win, and that you shall get the victory I tell you that you cannot win while enough of us are left in your comfortable country. You have no brains in your country that we cannot beat. Bottomley has tried to turn us out, and your Mr. leQueux has tried, and now your Mrs. Rita writes to your *Weekly Dispatch* the same things; they all say *Once a German, always a German*, but your too complacent English (is that the right word) they are not afraid they say. Oh no, these Germans do us no harm. Oh! my friend, I have lived in your comfortable country for 35 years and I know, what I know, and they can try to turn us out but it is no good; and if they do, for many so long as they leave *us two*. (You would like to know the other wouldn't you) it is enough good. This is all for the present time, but you may hear from me again if not through the letter box, perhaps, through the roof. Who knows!"

And now for the "British" letter:

"It was a thousand pities that Bottomley was not in that building when our bomb dropped. We could do splendidly without those 'most powerful articles ever written by Horatio.' But when he says that these barbarian deeds must be avenged, don't forget that *we* (the Allies) started them before a single woman or child was killed by raids here. In the first year of the war the French dropped on Karlsruhe bombs and one of them fell amongst the Corpus Christi Procession, killing 95 children and 21 women. So we are paid back in our own coin. Only last week when English airmen went over to good old Germany they shot with quick-firing guns over 300 rounds into farmers houses in a little absolutely unprotected village (Oberbillig). Sheer lust of murder! And our beloved *Evening News* called that 'Airmen's fine exploit.' You see this is the first time that the English Nation of shopkeepers feels what war really is. Up till now they kept in safety on their island and let other Nations do the work. That is over now. The mouth-heroes living here have to experience the horrors of war, and they prove by their behaviour what damned cowards they are. They are *too* silly to grasp the reality, so the Germans will teach them a lesson. And it is to be hoped that the little damage done up to now by air raids will be thousand times bigger when better weather sets in. The English will then see that this time they have lost their little game. 'Knock out blow' is not the catchword any more. Ta Ta! Stolz weht die Flagge Schwarz-weiss-rot!" (And here follows a drawing of the German flag.)

What comment shall I make on these atrocities? I think the simplest and best is this: The proprietors of JOHN BULL will pay £500 for such information as will lead to the detection of the writer of each of the letters—that is, £1,000 in all. The originals of these letters are at the disposal of the police, and can be seen by any legitimate inquirer. Give us the names—we will do the rest. All I need now add is that if I am spared to see the great remoulding of our Nation and our Empire after the war, I shall consecrate all my energies to build on the ruins of this terrible conflict a greater Empire. The "Fire, Flame and Fury" have burnt deeply into my soul.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE HOARDERS.

Working Man: Well, mother, bin shopping, I see. I s'pose that bag o' your'n is loaded up with bacon, butter, cheese, an' rump steak. Wot?

1st Woman: I've bin standin' four hours in a queue, if you wanter know, an' I've got two ounces of marjereen and about 'arf-a-pound o' bullock's liver. We look like gittin' fat, me an' the three kids, don't we?

2nd Woman: You're lucky to git a bit o' liver. 'Ere am I, I've spent four bob on travelfin', an' I'm goin' 'ome without anthink at all. Couldn't git the smell of a bit o' meat.

Working Man: You should shop in yer own place. That's wot causes a lot o' the trouble, strangers buttin' in w'ere they don't belong.

2nd Woman: I'll tell yer w'y I don't shop in me own place. We're crowded out with parsons an' magistrates, and us pore people don't git a chance. Yes'd'y mornin' I 'appened to parss the butcher's shop w'ere I used ter deal before the wore. About 'arf-parst six, it was. You know—nobody about. There was 'is motor-van and 'orse cart bein' loaded up with joints—*joints*, minjer! Ho! I ses to meself, there'll be some meat to be 'ad 'ere to-day. So I goes round again about 'arf-parst eight to git a bit. The blinds is down and there's a queue waitin'; and presently we're told there ain't no more meat. Now, 'oo 'ad all that meat wot I saw? The nobs. The magistrates an' the parsons livin' round about out in the country.

1st Woman: I should call that butcher a dirty tike.

2nd Woman: Well, 'e's a serter pacifist, I grawnt cher. Military age, but got exemption some'ow. Wouldn't even join the Special Pleece becos 'e don't believe in force of any sort, not even pleece force. 'Corse, e's a Bible-puncher. That goes without sayin'. They mostly are.

1st Woman: Us women'll 'ave to do somethink. The men won't. They're scared, I think.

Working Man: You're right, mother. We're scared. That's jest wot it is. We're scared becos we know if we started kickin' up a row we shouldn't git justice. I've got a wife an' fam'ly meself, 'oo carn't git not a quarter o' the grub they need. S'pose I was to snatch a pound o' steak, chuck down a couple o' bob, an' make a run fur it. Wot would I git? Six months 'ard, I dessay—an' me wife an' the nippers left to git on the best way they can. You see, missus, we workin' men ain't parsons an' magistrates. It's on'y them wot's allowed to do a bit o' 'oardin'. There was that parson, Wallis was 'is name, wot was charged with 'oardin' 33 lbs. o' butter. Wot did 'e get? Well, the Chairman of the Bench wot 'e was brought up before was a parson too, see? So 'e was let down with a quid fine, didn't 'ave to pay costs, and the bloomin' butter not even confiscated. A Southport Magistrate wot 'oarded 240 lbs. of flour was let orf on payment o' costs. Another Magistrate, at Slough, was fined a paltry £5 for 'oarding 20 lbs. of marjerine an' 150 lbs. of other food. Don' cher see—that's w'ere the grub goes. The wealthy 'oarders git 'old of it. They don't care a cuss if they're found out. A paltry fine ain't nuthink to them. So you wimmin 'ave to leave yer kids at 'ome an' stand in a queue hour arfter hour, and ——

2nd Woman: Git nuthink in the end.

PRINTER'S PIE.

Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie."

"North Western Daily Mail" (advertisement):—
"Alarm Clocks, 7s. 6d. to 16s. 9d. Big Ben, the repeater, will MAKE THE MOST DEADLY SLUMBERER."

"Cavan Press":—
"Mrs. —— . . . proceeded to cross the street when the car was so close to her that an accident was unavoidable, and the efforts which the driver made to steer this way were unavailing."

"Barnet Record":—
"He was alleged to have . . . s offered for sale bread not twelve minutes old."

"East American Daily Times":—
"There is also the War Official Topical Budget, showing Lord Fanner's Review of the Suffolk Comedy entitled 'Smiles and Silvers.'"

"Glasgow Evening News" (heading):—
"Coupon Strike Ended. Crowd charged with swoons. Food hamper cut down."

"Halstead Times and Haverhill Express":—
"During a service the Rev. ——, Rector of ——, had a seizure and died on Monday."

"Western Evening Herald" (Plymouth):—
"A general service man . . . was given exemption . . . because he had a wife suffering from varicose veins and nine children."

"Halstead and Colne Valley Gazette":—
"Another new Order regarding the sale of Sheep . . . stated that a farmer may slaughter his own mutton on condition that seven days' notice is given to the Food Committee."

"Manchester Evening News" (advertisement):—
"Gentleman wanted, accustomed to suckling calves."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Too Old to Work.

Widowed and lone, a poor woman is in dire trouble. She lost one son in action a short time ago, and a second one was discharged with shell shock, and died while awaiting admission to hospital. The pension has not come through yet, and she is past working age.

A Burden to Others.

Discharged through sunstroke and deafness, and unable to work on account of unfitness, an ex-soldier, with his wife, is trying to live on a pension of 8s. 3d. a week, eked out with a little help from his mother, who already has many calls on her purse. This case would touch even the most callous.

The Children Again.

Two children of a soldier were buried within two months, while another—a girl, six years, delicate—is in need of milk, etc., which the mother finds it difficult to provide, as she is unable to leave this child and a young baby in order to procure work.

Air Raid Victim.

Lying in the infirmary, seriously injured, is a victim of the terrorism of the Hun. He has a wife and little one at home, and his anxiety was added to by the fact that she has a very slender purse. We felt that such cases have, to us, a very special appeal—in which we think our readers share.

Bedridden.

The wife of an R. E. F. man acquainted us with her trouble. Practically an invalid, she is unable to add to her scant purse, and thus debts have accumulated. Nourishing diet is a doctor's order.

Waiting for Pension.

A similar case of illness confronted us, but the anxiety was added to by the little son being poorly, and the mother unable to attend him. Owing to the delay in the issue of her pension, she cannot pay for outside care for her child.

An Unlucky One.

A proud, yet sorrowing wife wrote us concerning her late husband, who had served since the outbreak, was discharged to hospital after winning the D.C.M., sent back to the Front, and killed in action, the news reaching her on Christmas morning.

Yet a Few More.

Invalided mother, dependent on a small allowance from her son.

Child killed in air raid. Uninsured.

Widow ill and in distress; very small allowance, not sufficient for expenses.

Discharged man undergoing operations; scarcity of money to keep the home going.

Child of soldier ill: doctor's bill and other debts outstanding.

Married man, with three children, discharged suffering from consumption and in great pecuniary straits also.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WE ARE CARRYING ON!

SEND FOR YOUR

"JOHN BULL" PEN

TO-DAY.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 6d. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 10 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 6d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (February 16th, 1918.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean checseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, *10th August*, 1916.

The Lightning Doctor.

A few days ago in a camp a doctor passed 52 men for service in three-quarters of an hour! The medico must be a lightning operator; he seems to have some brothers also in the Army. But, seriously speaking, this kind of thing does not inspire confidence among the men.

Army Council, Please Note:

In the pre-war days the Court Martial was the fairest tribunal in the world. The prosecutor was almost ordered to secure an acquittal if possible. The youngest officer gave his decision first, so that it could not be said that he had been influenced by his seniors. Now all that is changed, and many of the "new" officers seem to be out for blood at any cost. Will the Army Council please issue a much-needed "instruction"? We must remember that conscripts taken in by the back of the neck cannot understand discipline as the old volunteers understood it.

Bullying and Blasphemy.

The old swats serving before the present stramash understood that it was part of the instructor's trade to blaspheme and pretend to bully. They entered into the spirit of the thing and enjoyed it, knowing that the sergeant was their best friend. The new class "drill," we are sorry to say, imitates his predecessor, but in a vastly different spirit. He is sometimes a Whitechapel whelp, who has been awarded stripes, and being dressed in brief authority, slangs and insults mere privates who are infinitely better men than himself. Where in the old days there was a kind of understood pleasantry in the blasphemous bark, there is now a positive danger.

Not the Rubleben Way.

Three nights after the Teuton dastards had bombed us, a mob of Prisoners of War at Milldown, Blandford, made a joyful noise with concertinas, drums, and voices, and passers-by thought there was a happy fancy fair on. At the time many unburied women and children were lying in London! How soft we are! *Who* are our Bolos? Compare this with the recent authentic stories of the maltreatment of our officers and men in Germhun hands.

Happiness at Hipswell.

Some parts of Hipswell Camp are not quite "pukka," according to Tommy's ideas, but they do not include the A.S.C. and D.A.C. lines, commanded by Colonel Parry. This Officer devotes the whole of his Army pay to the men's messing, and he supplies each hut with morning papers. The Colonel is generous in granting leave to the men, and has under him one of the happiest units in the Service. There is a tip here for some of his neighbours.

Poor "JOHN BULL."

The antipathy to JOHN BULL on the part of certain Commanding Officers passes our comprehension, as our aim is merely to give them tips how to keep their men contented and efficient. Yet intelligence reaches us from various quarters that Postmasters in garrison towns are asked to impound letters addressed to the JOHN BULL Office! We intend to look into the matter closely, and where we find that some ass of an Officer—whatever his rank—has so acted, we shall take such steps as will cause him to regret his illegal and high-handed exhibition of Prussianism.

Play the Game!

The R.A.M.C. Major commanding a hospital in South West London recently issued an Order instructing the patients that if they wanted late passes they could obtain them on Saturdays or Sundays. When several of the men applied they were told to parade with their medical sheets, and were then informed that if they were well enough to go out on pass they were well enough to leave hospital. Smart, no doubt, but callous.

"For Which Praises Be."

Tommy should add a special line to his prayers for the contradiction of the rumour that Lord Derby was about to retire from the War Office. We can tell Tommy and all ranks—and we speak with knowledge—that there is no better friend of the land Service man than the present Secretary of State for War. The late Lord Kitchener was affectionately known as "The Soldier's Friend," and he has a suitable successor in the present occupant of the office.

Neither Fish nor Flesh.

Why were the Royal Marines left out in the cold when nice things were said in Parliament about our men? They are omitted even from an illuminated pamphlet containing "The Nation's Thanks to its Fighting Forces." The Marines naturally, feel sore about it, and we gladly give a certificate that no body of men, afloat or ashore, has done more useful work than our Jeeys.

Waiting for their Comforts.

In October, the ratings of the R.N.A.S. in Flanders were asked to send an application for warm clothing, amusements, etc., which it was understood would be supplied from the R.N.A.S. Comforts Fund. Three months later a parcel arrived, containing five articles, including a jersey, and a set of Balma, for the whole complement of more than 250 men. The latest plaint is that the Air Service men at home received their cozy rig-out, etc.

GROW BEAUTIFUL HAIR FREE.

Test the Wonderful Effect of "Harlene Hair-Drill" in Promoting Hair-Health and Beauty.

Distribution of 1,000,000 Complete Four-Fold "Hair-Drill" Outfits FREE.

HERE is a great opportunity and a valuable gift for every reader of this paper.

If you desire to look young and well-groomed, look to your hair. That is why the proprietors of the world-famous Hair Growing Specific "Harlene" are offering 1,000,000 Outfits Free.

Here is a suggestion for you to adopt. Send for your "Harlene Hair-Drill" Four-Fold Gift and grow healthy, luxuriant and abundant hair.

ACCEPT THIS WONDERFUL GIFT.

There is no restriction to this gift distribution. It is sufficient that you are troubled with any form of hair "ailment," or that you desire to improve the appearance of your hair.

The Four-Fold Gift parcel comprises:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is "dry."
4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

No hair trouble can defy the soothing, strengthening effect of "Harlene" and its scientific method of application, "Hair-Drill."

MILLIONS PRACTICE HAIR-DRILL.

Millions of men and women now practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" daily. They have tested and proved that this unique preparation, "Harlene," and its agreeable method of application, "Hair-Drill," is the surest way to overcome all hair defects, and that it is also the easiest way to ensure the perfect growth of long, silky, beautiful hair in abundance, glossy and bright.

There is therefore no need to continue to suffer from

1. Scalp Irritation.
2. Partial Baldness.
3. Thin or Falling Hair.
4. Splitting Hairs.
5. Over-Greasiness.
6. Scurf or Dandruff.

Young women can maintain their hair in abundant beauty, and men and women of more mature years can regain all the lost lustre and health, whether it arises from illness, worry, overwork, or the passing of years.

THE FOUR-FOLD GIFT.

Gifts are usually single in number, but here is a gift of 4 different articles, the use of which will endow every woman's and girl's hair with a "Dowry-of-Beauty." This 4-in-1 Gift is sent free simply on request, accompanied by four penny stamps for postage and packing of the parcel.

THE "HARLENE" WAY.

First of all cleanse the hair and scalp with a delightful "Cremex" Shampoo—there is no more pleasant, invigorating toilet exercise. Then sprinkle the hair with "Harlene," and gently massage the roots of the hair with your finger-tips. Then add a few drops of "Uzon" Brilliantine to give the hair a final touch of brilliance.

Prove the wonderful merits of "Harlene" for yourself without cost. The gifts referred to above will be sent you immediately you post the coupon below.

Harlene "Hair-Drill" imparts new life to the hair, giving tone and nourishment to weak, lustreless, straggly hair; at the same time it is especially beneficial in maintaining well-coiffured hair in all its pristine freshness and beauty.

HARLENE FOR MEN ALSO.

Every man desires to preserve a fresh, smart, crisp appearance, and in this respect the care of the hair is essential. The Free Gift Offer made in this announcement is open to every man, and all will find this (two-minutes-a-day) "Harlene Hair-Drill" a pleasant and beneficial toilet exercise.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 2s. 3d., 4s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. per bottle. Solidified "Harlene" for use at home, at sea, travelling, etc., in tins at 2s. 9d.

Uzon" Brilliantine (in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. sizes), "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 1s. 3d. per box (12 single Shampoos (single packets 3d. each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

FREE "HAIR-DRILL" COUPON

Cut out and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LIMITED, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

John Bull, 16.2.18.

Like a breeze in the mouth

You will fully appreciate the fresh, clean "tang" imparted to the mouth by the use of Gibbs's Dentifrice. A great favourite with the kiddies because of its attractive flavour, and the fact that, owing to the entire absence of carbolic acid, it does not burn or irritate the tender gums.

Ask your Chemist for Gibbs's Dentifrice, the delicious solid dentifrice which keeps your and the kiddies' teeth sound and white.

Gibbs's Dentifrice

Price 6d. of all Chemists.

D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. C. 13)
Cold Cream Soap Works,
London, E.1.

Estd. 1712.

GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLES of Shaving Soap, Dentifrice and Cold Cream Soap sent on receipt of 3d. in Stamps.

HOW TO GET RID OF CATARRH.

A SIMPLE, SAFE, RELIABLE WAY, AND IT COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who for over thirty-six years has been treating catarrh successfully.

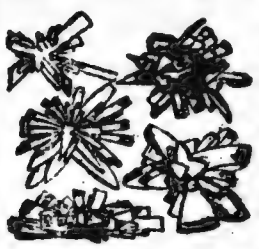
His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat, and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 21 B), 8, Bouverie Street, London, E.C. 4, who will send you by return post enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all they claim for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds, and all catarrhal complications. They will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write them immediately. On sale at Boots' Cash Chemists and other chemists' shops. ADVT.

RHEUMATIC ACIDS ARE DANGEROUS.

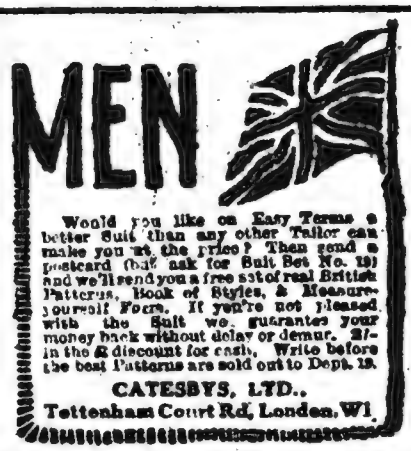
Neutralise and wash them out by drinking strongly alkaline water. Any chemist can tell you how to make this at home. No need of visiting hot alkaline mineral springs.

Chemical analysis and the microscope both prove beyond any possibility of doubt that rheumatism, gout, sciatica, etc., are due to uric acid and other impurities in blood and tissues. When the blood is rid of the impurities, the sufferer is rid of the rheumatism. If you are a doctor or a chemist you know this, also that a drop of any strongly alkaline liquid will melt a uric acid or similar crystal, just as hot water melts a sugar crystal, or as heat melts a snow crystal. It naturally follows that when the tiny, sharp acid crystals in the blood are dissolved or melted into liquid form, they cannot grind about in the veins, nor catch and collect in the minute blood vessels of joints or tissues, where they so often cause swelling and acute agony.



Typical specimen of uric acid crystals, highly magnified. No wonder they hurt.

It is astonishing how few persons, excepting chemists and the medical profession, understand that the water we drink must reach the kidneys by first being absorbed into the blood, and that if the water is strongly alkaline it thoroughly flushes the kidneys when being expelled, taking with it the acids and impurities it has absorbed while in the blood. This is why the strongly alkaline waters of famous hot springs are so effective. Rheumatic and uric acid sufferers can easily prove this to their complete satisfaction, and without stirring a single step from their own homes. Simply drink before breakfast every other morning, for a week or two, a glass of hot water in which you have dissolved a level teaspoonful of alkia saltrates (powder-form), which all chemists can supply, for this is a compound which they keep in stock for physicians' prescriptions. Its taste is pleasant, its cost very slight indeed, and it probably is as good as anything you can use for the purpose. Afterward, you will not be likely to have much patience with rheumatic friends if they continue to suffer after you have told them about this.—A. L.—(ADVT.).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Would you like on Easy Terms a better Suit than any other Tailor can make you at the Price? Then send a postcard (but ask for Suit Set No. 19) and we'll send you a free set of real British Patterns, Book of Styles, & Measure-yourself Form. If you're not pleased with the Suit we guarantee your money back without delay or demur. 2/- in the £ discount for cash. Write before the best Patterns are sold out to Dept. 19.
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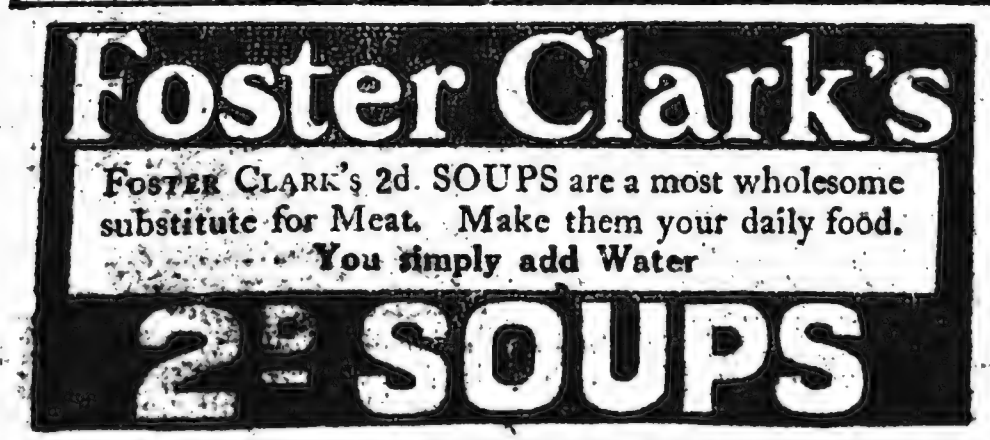
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FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. SOUPS are a most wholesome substitute for Meat. Make them your daily food.
You simply add Water
2d SOUPS

"John Bull's" Letter Bag,

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"AJAX."—We have repeatedly stated that, neither directly nor indirectly, has the Editor received any payment—even for expenses—in connection with Recruiting and similar meetings.

A. A. A. (Hampstead).—"I am wondering whether you could send a message to women to help them bear their great strains." Certainly. God bless 'em.

"W.A.A.C."—It was naughty to stop your leave because "on bidding your friend good-night, you naturally kissed him, as friends should do." And this at a camp where there is "very little recreation!"

"TWO TAFFS" (B.E.F.).—"Tell us which of the London daily papers has the largest circulation." Want to make all the others angry?

H. L. R. (Victoria).—We agree that it was very wrong of "Sapper Cyril Sedgmen" to appropriate our recent article "Somewhere in Hell," without acknowledgment. Some Sapper!

"INCOGNITO" (Abertillery). — "Inspectors do not inspect the pits; only bits of them, their visits being notified beforehand." Just what we thought and suggested.

"FAITHFUL" (Liverpool). — "DEAR JOHN BULL,—I had nearly put dearest, but even that would be excusable." We consider ourselves not dearest, nor dear, at a penny.

W. C. (Newport, Mon.).—As a new sporting game, we suggest a raffle for a quarter of margarine.

L. F. (Preston).—We note the "Kaiser's Maxims" printed in the *Preston Guardian*, for October, 1906, particularly "Never wish for what you cannot get." By and by he'll be sorry he started wishing.

"JUST ONE OF THE TOMMIES" (Essex Regt.).—"I have listened to your very stirring speeches at Harrogate and Middlesbrough, but I wish they had been longer." Nobody has paid us a nicer compliment.

MRS. A. O. (Co. Durham).—"When the butcher's cart comes to the door there is 1½ lb. of meat for the whole week." You are in luck. Thousands wait for hours and get nothing.

"SCEPTIC" (London).—We are not yet Food Controller, but in our opinion sausages come into the category of vegetables.

G. L. (Bedminster).—We note your suggestion that the Navy should "blow away" at the Kiel Canal. Meanwhile somebody else might be putting a match to Berlin.

A. B. (Bere Alston).—In regard to the food situation, you think it would be well for "a man to be put in to see to things." That's a nasty one!

"FAG END OF THE ARMY."—"Kindly let us know the wages of a farm labourer from 12 years back." So small as to be not worth mentioning.

J. H. (Pontllanfraith).—If you were discharged, after 28 years' service, for taking four days off to bid your sailor son good-bye—well, it's wicked. We note the Prime Minister has promised to attend to it. Remind him, if necessary.

"COMRADES OF THE GREAT WAR."—We were wrong in describing Mr. Herbert Metcalfe, the "Legal Adviser" of this body, as a solicitor. In his own words he is "a humble member of the Bar." We deal further with this subject elsewhere.

B. K. (Cresswell).—"Are the German prisoners getting our supply of food what we ought to have?" We know we aren't getting it.

MRS. C. K. V. P. (Dublin).—H. Gregory, the Conchy, convicted of gross cruelty to a horse, has now had his Exemption cancelled, and will shortly have an opportunity to exercise his savagery on the battlefield.

"SUSPECT" (Danbury).—You think the ladies were German, but do not know where they have gone to. We haven't got them; search us.

"MARIE" (Halifax) wants to know if we have ever seen a dead donkey. No; we have seen lots of live ones.

E. W. P. (Ross).—Any working man who believes our King engineered this war is either a fool, an imbecile, or (far worse) a pro-German.

A. P. (Liverpool) is "a little nervous" as to what he shall eat and drink. He needn't be. He won't get more than he can digest.

"WEALTH CONSCRIPTIONER" (Biggleswade).—We note the *D.T.*—like ourselves—said of Mr. Bonar Law that he has a bad habit of thinking aloud. And that kind of thing isn't even permissible to a bunkered bishop on a golf course.

E. B. (Camberwell). — Mormon pamphlets, brought to your door, should be burned. Same treatment might do the bringers good also.

"GIDDY GIRL" (Hampstead).—We rather like your "opinion of the war," which in several places resembles our own. Shake, dearie.

"A TRUE SCOTCHWOMAN."—Our contributor whose article offended you so much, has with difficulty been restrained from suicide.

M. S. (Thorpe Hay).—"They charged me 11s. for a hare. What do you say about it?" We should say "There's hare"—in the shop, and keep our money in our pocket.

E. O. (Wolverhampton).—"Where can I get some queue boots?" Try Kew.

J. W. — Lord Hundane says "for 20 years he had dreaded the menace of the superior German educational system." So "superior" that it has educated Germany into a nation of brute beasts.

"MERCHANT SERVICE" (Transport *Silpia*).—"Captain is 73; Chief Engineer, 66; Second, 70; At it since September, 1914, and still going strong." Cheerio! Carry on.

"NANNAMALS" (Epsog).—The best way to stop poker playing is to win all your opponent's money.

J. B. (Brixton, S.W.).—"For goodness sake, Bottomley, get out of that Pontifex Maximus style of yours. It appears, then, that we have been camouflaged as the Bridge of Size without knowing it.

"TRULY GRATEFUL" (B'ham) wishes to thank the two young ladies who gave her husband, a soldier returning to France, and his companion, a sailor, tea and sandwiches at a B'ham hotel on January 8th. Incidentally, we presume, this is also intended to inform the said young ladies that the object of their kind attention is a married man.

G. W. A. (Middlesex).—Yes, it's rough to be called up again. But your letter seems written by a young fellow game enough still to do all he can. Good luck, boy, any way.

C. N. C. F. (Norwich).—We do not consider "Conscientious Objector" an improvement on "Conchy."

"SWEATED" (Sunderland).—If you, checker at a twice-nightly theatre, get paid only 1s. a night, you should look for another job. You surely could not get a worse one.

J. F. (Hounslow).—You must have offered your poem elsewhere by the frightened way you seem to stand at the door.

"INQUIRER" (Totnes). — You won't find "camouflage" in the dictionary. It is a French invented word meaning protective deception.

A. T. (Kennington).—Change your lodgings. Better live in a corner of the house top-thag with a brawling woman in a wide house.

"ANNOYED" (London, N.) wants to know whether or not he has a remedy against a barber who cut his hair in a style contrary to his instructions. Yes, change the barber.

"READER" (Eccles).—Your complaint to hand about the dirty clergyman. Tell him to rinse himself.

A. C. (Sittingbourne).—Take your word for it that your drawing represents a ship surrounded by nets to foil torpedoes. Thought it was a spider sitting in his web.

"SERGEANT" (Blumstead) says the P.M.G. offered him a postman's job at 15s. a week and 1s. for cleaning bike. Whose money is he squandering?

"CONSTANT READER" (Hackney).—"I have seen some hundredweights of margarine——" Dreaming again.

"LAUNDRY WORKER."—"Why don't we have a laundry-women union?" Ask yourself, old dear.

A. J. W. (Walmer).—"Promises will not fill the stomachs of human beings." Sir, your discernment is beyond praise.

GUNNER B. B. (Royal Garrison Artillery).—"My favourite weekly journal——" Stop! We're blushing.

"ANXIOUS MOTHER."—Your gift to "The Lost Son of Someone" has been forwarded to a suitable recipient, and to his grateful thanks we add our keen appreciation of your kindly and generous act.

J. C. (City Road).—"Do you think smoking stops the growth?" Our last bit of bacon was rather small.

T. J. (Aldershot).—Wounded three times, you are to go back; your only son, 18, is called-up. And you ask why the N.A.C.B. at Aldershot are hiding plenty of men. That question needs an answer.

J. S. (Oulton).—It's rough for farm workers to have but dry bread to take out for dinner in the fields. When rationing comes, their lot will be easier—and greasier.

"MR. H." (Hastings).—There are legal objections to your Premium Bond scheme. You had better carefully study ours. Meanwhile, what are we to do with the shilling postal order which accompanied your letter? Shall we hand it over to our "Greatest of These" Fund?

GUNNER FRANK W. PRIOR (87245, A Battery, R.F.A.).—Can any of his comrades give us news of this man, who has been missing since November 30th last?

"ALICE," æt. 12 (Peckham).—Improved: "Ah, little Mary, there's something to do Harder than knitting and saving for you; Don't eat so much bread and thus help our dear nation. To ward off the wolf which threatens starvation."

"AN OLD READER" (Liverpool).—In a case of mistaken identity, you were found Not Guilty, and ask are you entitled to compensation? Alas! your only compensation is a clean conscience.

"INCOME TAX" (Camberwell).—"Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's." If you don't, you may get run in.

"ALPHA" (Vauxhall).—Buy for 8d., and sell for 1s., and you make 33⅓ per cent. on your turnover. And very nice, too.

"PATIENCE" (Blackburn).—It was Benjamin Franklin who said (in his letter to Josiah Quincy) there never was a good war or a bad peace.

A. C. M. (Pollokshields). — The nationality of "C. Von Berg," of the National Debt Branch Office, London Wall, E.C. 2, is unknown to us; he is probably Scotch.

M. B. (Fife).—By all means dance—for the benefit of Red Cross. Why not? Your 2s. goes to help our Fund for Tommy and Jack.

"GRANNIE" (S. Tottenham)—Many thanks. That "foreign woman" called the "gold stripe man" a swine? Her sex protected her.

L. M. R. (Brighton).—We cannot accept your strictures upon the "dame" Jews. Some gentlemen Gentiles are just as greedy.

"LOAN" (Bedford).—"Forsake not an old friend," it is written, "for the new is not comparable unto him. A new friend is as new wine."

"S. S. GARTHWAITE." — Can any survivor from this vessel relate any facts about the death of the wireless operator to his mother, Mrs. Parker, 89, Whalley Range, Blackburn?

T. (North o' Tweed).—"How is it the laird can keep seven men as well as monkeys and a bear?" Perhaps he is as artful as a monkey and keeps the men to scratch the bear when it has a sore head.

"MARIE" (Southend).—"Oh, John Bull, you are so clever. That I think I'll love you ever." Lady, this is welcome spice; We are sure you must be nice.

J. N. V. (Hursley Camp).—"I read that whales' milk contains 43 per cent. of fat. Who milked the whale?" As the nigger said, you must ask some udder fellow.

"OLD FORD."—We have no word to describe a firm that breaks its promise to reinstate a returned man. "Webster" contains nothing hot enough.

"RATS" (Plaistow).—"I mite say I am speaking of a Borough where there is a lot of pubs and I mite say I have beene in the Borough 50 years." How long in the pubs, and how long at school?

"ADA" (Coundon).—On several occasions, smaller villages than yours have won a "Bullets" First Prize.

G. H. M. L. (Oldham).—For assistance for the aged widow of a fine old soldier, write to the Secretary, Old Comrades Association, at the headquarters of the regiment. In such cases the regiment is ready to help when possible.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE" (London).—"A new commandment I give unto you. 'Thou shalt not profiteer.'"

A. T. (Ealing).—"2s. 6d. for butter which simply stinks; it is dangerous to eat." Report seller to local Food Controller, who will make it dangerous for him.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to JOHN BULL, Advertisement Department, 96, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

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The great Lord Avebury, in his beautiful Introduction to "Marvels of the Universe," says:—"I often grieve to think how much happiness our fellow-men lose from their ignorance of science. If anyone is ever dull it is his own fault. Every wood, every field, every garden, every stream, every pond, is full of interest to those who have eyes to see."

Not only the world that we inhabit, but the Universe of which it forms but a small part, is full of marvels. This magnificent work gives Nature's Marvels in the Heavens, the Earth, Plant Life, Animal Life, and the Mighty Deep—in other words, the cream of Nature's realm. Its field is even wider than our planet, for it includes the Sun, Moon, and Stars. On the other hand, with the aid of the microscope, it reveals the most minute marvels of animal and plant life. Between these two extremes—the infinitely great and the inconceivably small—comes a vast assemblage of marvels which are in general passed by unseen for want of an efficient and friendly guide to point them out. "Marvels of the Universe" will bring great pleasure into your house.

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TIZ is grand for aching, swollen, perspiring feet, for corns or chilblains.

"TIZ helps me to carry on."

No matter how long you have to remain on your feet, how hard you work, or how long you drill—TIZ always brings you restful foot comfort.

After using TIZ, no more corns, hard skin, bunions, or raw spots. No more chafing of heavy boots, no more limping with pain. TIZ is magical, acts right off. TIZ draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet—the only remedy that does. Use TIZ and you'll be surprised how comfortable your feet will feel. TIZ is a delight, TIZ is harmless.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ now at any chemist's or stores. Don't suffer. Have good feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. And don't forget that a box of TIZ is always welcome to the boys at the Front.

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ENGLISH Grown: Yorks, Express, Eclipse, Llewellyn, 112 lb. 20/9, 56 lb. 10/6, 28 lb. 5/6, 14 lb. 3/10, 7 lb. 1/6; Epicure, 112 lb. 16/9, 56 lb. 8/6, 28 lb. 4/6, 14 lb. 2/4, 7 lb 1/3; British Queen, Queen Mary, Up-to-Date, King Edward VII., Dalhousie, Factor. 112 lb 19/6.

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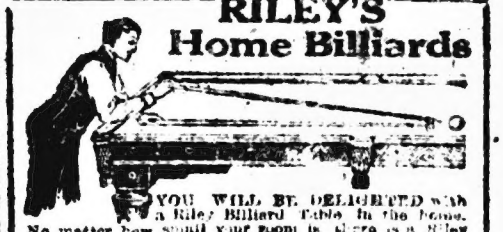

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2nd Prize £25 — 1st Prize "Bullets" £250 — 1st Prize "Bullets" — 3rd Prize £10

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 21st.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(274) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 274. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 21st.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(274) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 21st.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(274) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for next week's "Bullets" Competition, **No. 275.** These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before **THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **275** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets"—No. 275, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. **Such coupons MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-three Examples the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 275.

WITHOUT MEAT	A FAT LOT	SOCIETY BEAUTY	UNDER PROTEST
THE PRESENT TIME	EBBAGING MAID	SLEEPLESS NIGHT	FAIR AND SQUARE
ONLY COURSE	ON WRONG TACK	EVERY SINGLE MAN	TOMMY'S LOT
MOST DIFFICULT TO	CUTHBERT'S EXCUSE	FAIRY TALES	OUT OF POCKET
RUBBISH	DEALING WITH BUTCHER	ON SUNDAY	THE KAISER IMAGINES

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize of £250 will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prize among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two examples may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be dockued in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by competent and qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 274.

WHEN HINDENBURG ATTACKS	FREE SUBSCRIBER	POOR RECRUIT
GERMAN BOASTS	GERMAN'S AIM	WAITING
MOVING QUICKLY	JUST SEE	UNDER PROTEST
IN DOUBLE HARNESS	WAYS TO GIVE 'EM	BREAKFAST EGGS
GOOD BUSINESS	THE GOLF WAY	BOOKING
STOCKS AND SHARES	SECRET OBSERVER	BREAKING IT OFF
EARLY PRICES	KNOCK OFF	FALLING OUT
STICKING AT NOTHING	EXPECTING A SET	GOLF LOVE
DOING WELL	GERMANY'S SWORD	WHEN WOMEN VOTE
SAVING SHAME	DOUBLE DEALING	SMALL JOINT
ON THE LAND	NOT FAT ENOUGH	THE KAISER'S PERIL

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-three examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—FALLING OUT. Bullet:—WITH HER ALLIES—GERMANY. Example:—FOOLING. Bullet:—OUR PEOPLE DANGEROUS. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for eixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated March 9th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated February 26th.

RESULT OF 271st "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Miss HARRIET E. LEE, 46, High Street, Port Talbot, South Wales.
Example:—AT THE WAR OFFICE.
Bullet:—LATE "GETTING TO BUSINESS."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. OVERMASS, 25, Falkland Road, Hornsey, London, N.8.
Example:—FIGHTING ON.
Bullet:—BETTER THAN "CRYING OFF."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. J. B. McDOUGALL, 21, Argyll Square, Oban, Scotland.
Example:—LITTLE YOUNG MAN.
Bullet:—WANTED IMMEDIATELY —"STATE PAY."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. J. RIGBY, 16, Hatton St., St. Helens, Lancs: BAD ENDING—GUIDE BOOK'S UNDERSTAND "ROPES."
Mr. T. LYNN, Edenham, Bourne: EATING AND DRINKING—MANY "LOOKING WELL" AFTER.
Mr. H. J. PATERSON, 126, Dundrennan Road, Langside, Glasgow: FIGHTING ON—"ALL THE BETTER" BOYS!
Mr. H. MORRIS, 88, Clarence Street, Mountain Ash, Glam.: EMPTY CUPBOARD—BETTER THAN EMPTY TRENCHES.
Mr. W. BAXTER, 24, College Road, Bromley, Kent: DISBUSSING PEACE—THE RUSSIANS "COULDN'T RESIST."
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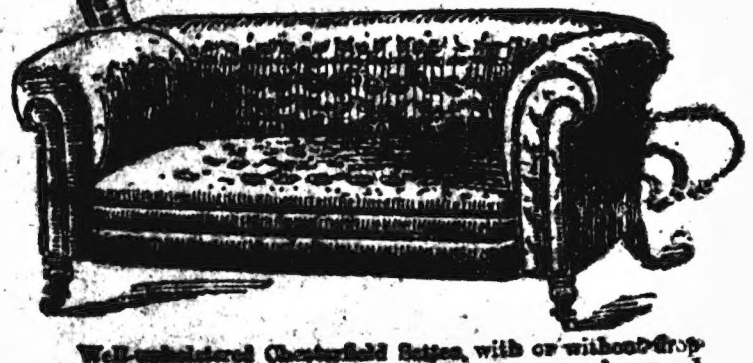

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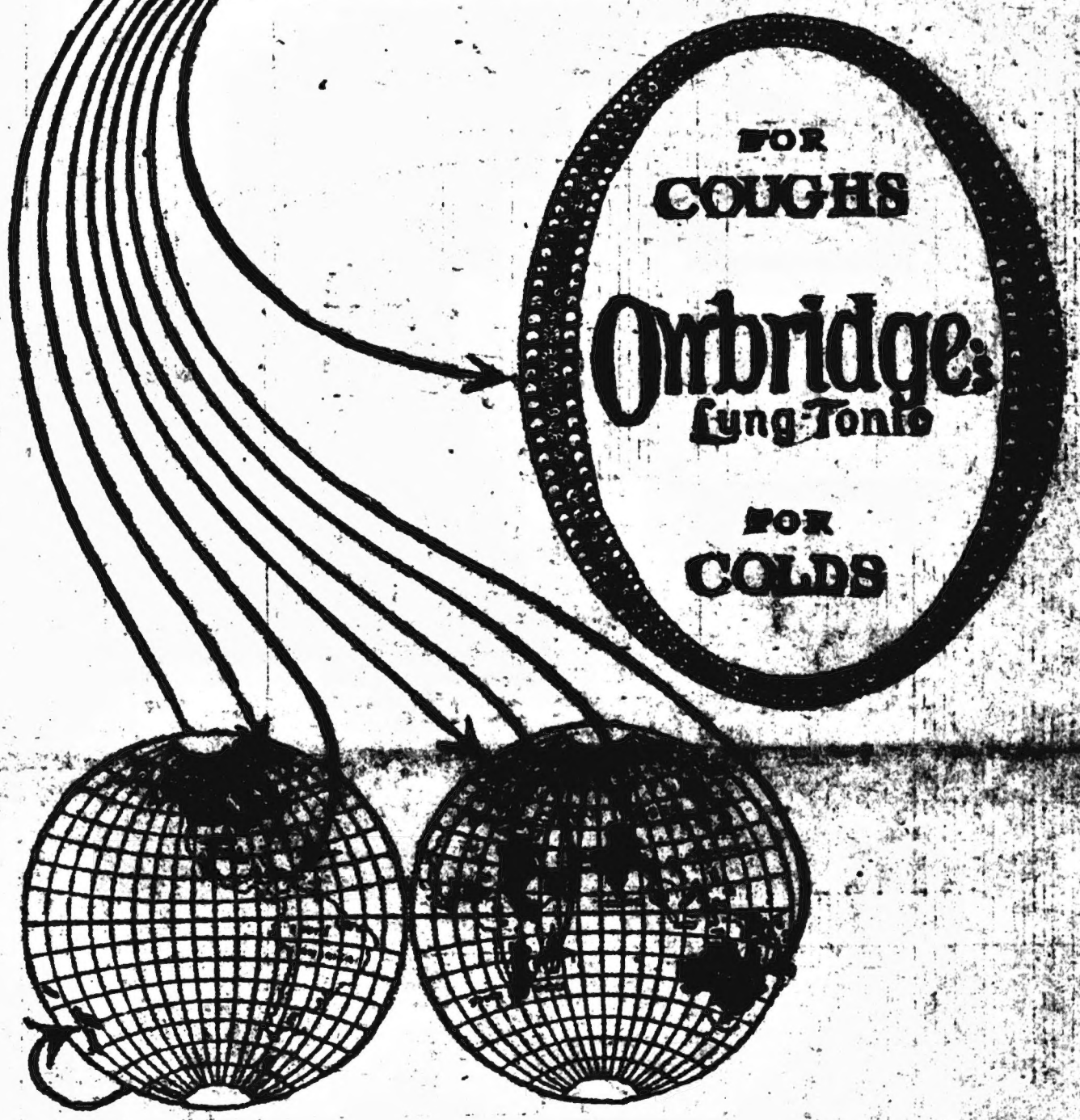

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